Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewomā, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quatha: gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in lent.
But a hare that is hore is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent,
Romeo will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scruuie knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand

stand by too and suffer
sure.

Pet. I saw no man vs
pon should quickly haue
assoone as another man,
the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God
me quiuers, skuruy knau
you, my young Lady bid
say, I will keepe to my se
leade her in a fooles para
kind of behauiour as the
and therefore, if you sho
were an ill thing to be of
weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend
test vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and
Lord she will bee a ioyful

Ro. What wilt thou te
me?

Nur. I will tell her sir,
it, is a Gentlemanlike off

Rom. Bid her deuise som
And there she shall at Fri
Be shriued and married: h

Nur. No truly sir not a

Rom. Go too, I say yo

Nur. This afternoone si

Rom. And stay good N
Within this houre my ma
And bring thee cords mad
Which to the high top ga
Must be my conuoy in the
Farewell be trustie and Ile
Farewell, commend me to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34